

recognise beauty cannot be an entirely healthy human being in mind and body. The sense for beauty is one that has to be cultivated, like many another. It needs perception in the beholder—we must go about with our eyes open and our minds not shut if that "soft, smooth, slippery thing" is to gain entrance and penetrate. If this power of perception, which is to open the door to a real need at the present time, is not taught to function, or does not do so of its own accord, then, uncultivated, it remains like a kind of foreign body in the organism to work disharmony rather than otherwise, to produce, as it were, a kind of unsatisfied, unconscious hunger; mental hygiene is always served by the power to appreciate beauty, whether it be in the flowers or trees, the sea foam or the shadow of a cloud across the water, the brilliance of a jewel or the gleam of precious metal, the scented sunlit air or the beauty that is in fire; for it is by these and such as these that the gods convey their gift, the omnipresent gift of beauty.

A very fascinating aspect of beauty and one not without its curative aspects, as occupational therapists can tell, is that relating to the powers that lie dormant in the human hand. The hand is an organ of far greater significance than people take the trouble to realise. In certain aspects, the hand serves to develop the brain as well as to carry out its demands and the impulses of the artistic faculty. Great mystery indeed lies behind the connection between the brain and the hand. In the days when the spirit of nursing, rather than the spirit of science, guided those who cared for the sick, we find many tributes to the hands of the nurses and worthily so, although we are inclined sometimes now to forget how much we owe to their sensitiveness and skill and to think rather of the work of the head alone. At their best the hands of the nurses are the hands of artists who seek to bring back into harmony the work of the greatest Artist of all, the Artist of man and the universe. But there is another aspect worth observing, and that is the debt that we owe to the hands that have brought to expression the inspirations of genius, which have bequeathed to us a vast heritage of beauty which remains centuries after the hands that brought to expression this beauty have mouldered to dust or perhaps passed into other loveliness in the eternal metamorphosis of matter. It is interesting also to note that so many great and beautiful treasures of art owe their preservation to individual psychology, to the power that lies in certain people for the perception of beauty, people who can raise themselves to the vision of the artist who has brought a beautiful thing into being through the work of his hands, people who procure and save from destruction works of art such as old furniture, china and other artistic things. There is a peculiar passage of "that soft, smooth, slippery thing" of which the greatest of philosophers spoke, a permeation he would have called it, from the beauty of the dream of the creator into his material and hence, when the work is completed, into the soul of the observer. Herein again there appears something of the mystery of the hand when it can so link up the perception of artist and beholder that, in a sense, and quite a wide sense too, they know one another although hundreds or even thousands of years may lie between them. Perhaps, indeed, theirs is actually a closer knowing, a deeper intimacy or understanding, than exists between many people actually living together now.

These are but a few reflections on beauty as a subject which should have an important place in hygiene and psychology. They are capable of elaboration in many directions, but we will leave them now with a quotation from Buchanan's poem to Baldur the Beautiful:—

All that is beautiful shall abide  
All that is base shall die.

#### A NURSE ARTIST IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

We had a great pleasure recently, when we accepted an invitation to view the exhibition of photographic art at the Regent Street Polytechnic, for among much beautiful work we recognised some very fine and lovely photographs which were the work of one of our Members, Miss Constance Birmingham, daughter of the late Dr. Birmingham, of Fremantle, Australia.

Miss Birmingham trained at the Perth Hospital, Australia, from 1927 to 1930 and is a Registered Nurse. For about a year she did nursing in England for the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, St. John's Wood, and then commenced to study seriously what had for a long time been her chief hobby.

Miss Birmingham once aptly described photography to us as "painting with light" and her work certainly shows a delightful harmony in values. Never, as in one of her pictures, have we been better able to find an example of the beauty that lies in common things; the subject was merely an old basket and a quantity of potatoes, but we were immediately fired by a resolve to try sometime what effect might be got from a similar subject done in colour. Miss Birmingham has a decided gift for grouping her subjects and one photograph which we specially admired was "When we grow up"—a charming and characteristic study of two lovely children, a boy and a girl. We liked so much also some of Miss Birmingham's studies of hands, and delightful too were those of trees. It is not always easy, in doing these last, to know how much and how little should come into the "plane of the picture."

Miss Birmingham intends taking up photography seriously when she returns to Australia, and we hope that she may have the same success as a number of our lady photographers in London.

We always enjoy having our Australian Members at the Club, and there are none to whom we shall regret saying good-bye more than to Miss Constance Birmingham, when she sets sail for the island continent in the late autumn.

#### INVITATION.

Miss Macdonald will be At Home to members and friends on Tuesday, September 29th, from 4 to 6 p.m. She hopes that they will regard this notice as an invitation to be present and that very many may be able to come.

#### OBITUARY.

##### Miss Adelaide McGibbon Campbell.

It is with very deep regret that we have to report the death of Miss Adelaide McGibbon Campbell, after a long and terrible illness, which she bore with the greatest heroism and patience. Through her death the Association has lost a member always interested in its activities and one who, in her personality, represented very high standards of professional ethics. Besides holding certificates in general and mental nursing, Miss McGibbon Campbell had the certificate of the Central Midwives Board, she was a trained masseuse and had done public health work. A good deal of her work, subsequent to her training, was done abroad.

#### GIFTS TO THE CLUB.

Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Brownsey, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Engleheart, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Wells, Misses A. Barclay, G. Bevan, N. Biglands, M. Buchanan, C. A. Jackson, F. Macdonald, E. Nickson, A. Nielson, A. Ross, B. Treasure, E. Walker, K. Wilke and Mr. Parker, flowers; Mrs. McCarthy, flowers and vegetables; Misses A. Hall, E. Jones, M. E. McLennan, M. Williams, sweets; Miss A. Barclay, cushion; Miss A. Giffen, cake; Admiral Ross, C.B., salmon.

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ISABEL MACDONALD,  
Secretary to the Corporation,

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